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VOL. XIV.—NO. 67.

HOPKINSVILLE, KENTUCKY, TUESDAY, AUGUST 23, 1892.

\$2.00 A YEAR.

**Dassett's**  
WRECKERS OF HIGH PRICES

A BARGAIN SALE

EXTRAORDINARY—  
FRIDAY.

4c For a large skein best knitting yarn, mostly purple shade, worth 7c.

Guaranteed fast red Damask, 60 inches wide, worth 40c.

58c For full size Crochet Bed Spreads, actual value 90c.

Beautiful all linen Stair Crash with handsome red border, per yard

5c A yard, Atlantic Apron Gingham, full width, worth 7c.

Ladies Jersey Ribbed Vests, very fine and soft, down from 50c.

Great Sacrifice Sale of Men's Puff Bosom Shirts.

73c For Men's Puff Bosom Shirts, down from \$1.00

83c For Men's fine Dimity Puff Bosom Shirts down from \$1.25.

92c for beautiful dotted Swiss Puff Bosom Shirts, down from \$1.50.

\$1.50 for real Habutai Silk Puff Shirts, down from \$2.50.

Samples of Ladies' and Men's Underwear less than half price.

All Silk Ribbons, numbers 5, 7, 9 and 10c

5c each for all linen Shaving Towels, size 14x24.

Ladies' Laundered Shirts worth \$1.50

3c a paper Best English Brass Pins.

The new Ladies' Silk Ties with embroidered Chiffon ends.

2c a yard for remnants Valenciennes and Linen Lace.

Men's faultless Night Robes Beautifully embroidered and very fine quality worth \$1.25.

**Dassett's**  
WRECKERS OF HIGH PRICES

## BROKEN HEARTS.

The Pathetic Romance of an Old Cathedral.

Many years ago, I stayed awhile in an old cathedral town in the richest and loveliest part of Yorkshire. Such quaint, old houses, roofed with bright red tiles, such green meadows and yellow cornfields, such great over-shadowing trees, and such sweet old-fashioned gardens, I shall never see again. But the great charm to my young fancy was the solemn old cathedral and the cool, silent courts of houses that clustered round it. The dreamy, peaceful life enchanted me. I thought that I could live among the dim aisles of the grand old church, and the shady gardens of the handsome houses.

"This is a court of peace," I said. "Surely no shadow of discontent or sorrow can ever come within it." But this I said in my haste and my ignorance. At the end of the first week of my visit, as I was wandering in my friend's garden, which touched the graveyard of the cathedral, I heard the wildest, strangest, most sorrowful music coming from it. I knew the very service was over. I knew this was not the organist's playing, and my interest and curiosity triumphed over my fear, and led me to take the keys of the vestry, which were at my command, and satisfy myself. No human cry of agony was ever more intelligible. I divined at once that some poor, breaking heart was pouring out itself into the Divine ear, which understands all speech and language, and so I stole away again, ashamed and sorry for my intrusion.

Frequently, after this—sometimes early in the morning, sometimes deep in the gloaming—I heard the same music. At last I spoke to the friend with whom I was staying. She looked troubled as she answered: "It is the poor old deacon. I am glad he has this consolation. Do not disturb him."

A few days afterward, as we were walking up the court, we met the deacon. He begged my friend to go into his house and see his daughter Mary, and then I soon understood what mighty grief it was which had struck the key-note of his passionate, pleading prayer. She was dying; no one but a parent could have doubted it for one minute. The earnest of eternity was in her eyes, which looked as if they had seen some vision that had forever separated her from time. She lay upon a couch drawn close to the open window looking into a garden thick with green shade, and bright with many a sweet flower whose name is now forgotten. I gazed on her with admiration. I do not think it ever entered my mind to pity her. I reserved that feeling for the gray misery of her father, and for the hopeless, resentful-looking distress I saw in the face and manner of a handsome man whom I took to be her brother. There was, however, some element in the sorrow of that dying room that I did not understand then, though soon afterward, when I knew Mary Harlowe's history, it was clear enough to me.

She was the only child her father, who had received her in exchange for his young wife's life. Among the silent rooms of the great house, and in the pleasant old garden belonging to the church property, she had grown up to a sweet and lovely girlhood.

When about seventeen years of age, her cousin, Bernard Harlowe, was sent to her father's care, while he prepared for taking orders. The young man was not rich, and was never likely to have any inheritance but the handsome person, the clear head and the warm heart nature had given him. But Mary loved him almost from the first day of his arrival, and Bernard thought himself richer in that love than the bishop in his see, or the king in his crown.

The deacon was not so wrapped up in spiritual matters as to be oblivious of what was transpiring under his own roof, yet he made no remonstrance, so, though there was no positive engagement, Bernard and Mary Harlowe considered themselves as one heart and one soul for time and for eternity.

One afternoon the sunny stillness of the court was broken by the galloping of horses and the rattle of a carriage. It stopped at the dean's door, and Bernard recognized a young earl, famous for his wealth and church patronage, who owned a magnificent seat about three miles distant.

"There is some dispute between my lord bishop and the earl," he said to Mary. "I wonder how the dean will manage between them?"

But the earl's visit seemed to them a matter of the very smallest importance. Wandering under the trees, pulling berries, or idly gathering some dower fairer than all its mates, they did not even speculate on the length of his visit or watch for his departure. It was, therefore, with some surprise they saw him and the dean come slowly walking down the main avenue together.

Mary would have escaped the interview by taking a private walk to the house, but Bernard, with some strange instinct of being on the defensive, drew her arm through his and awaited their approach. The dean seemed annoyed at the attitude. He introduced his daughter and his nephew, and then bade Mary go to prepare for dinner which Earl Grey, he added, was giving.

"Will do me the honor to eat with me," the young nobleman languidly assented, following Mary with his eyes until she was hidden from view by the shrubbery. Surely, "loving and hating come by nature," for ere the earl had spoken, Bernard hated him, and long before the night was over he fancied he had good cause to do so.

He was angry at Mary for looking so beautiful, and was angry at her for looking at her beauty. He thought his uncle disgustingly subservient to the young man's rank; he thought Mary unusually cool to him. All night long he was at odds with himself, and this was but the beginning of sorrows.

The earl, charmed with Mary's fresh young beauty, so different from the clever, intriguing women with whom he

had danced and trifled away all the last season, fancied himself deeply in love with the simple, innocent girl. He came again and again, at first inventing all sorts of excuses, finally without any excuse at all.

It required, indeed, small persuasion to obtain the dean's full permission to woo his daughter. Then stormy scenes ensued; uncle and nephew came to bitter strife, while Mary's defense of Bernard only brought on her such anger from her father as filled her with grief and fear.

Poor Bernard! The end his heart had prophesied came soon enough. In the presence of the dean there was a cruel, forced parting; under the silent stars, and the thick shubbery of the garden, there was another parting. Then two young hearts said the words which doomed one to an empty life, and the other to a splendid tomb.

Mary would have promised constancy, but Bernard would not let her do it. "You shall never have to reproach yourself with broken promises for my sake, darling," he said. "What could you, you poor, timid little dove, do between your father and that lordly earl? But whatever they make you do, remember, Mary, I shall never blame you, and I will love you until my last conscious breath."

Then he kissed her pale face over and over, tenderly, clinging, as we kiss the dead, and left her. And Mary, almost heart-broken with grief, and faint with terror lest she should be discovered, crept to her husband's room in mate farewell, for she knew now that love and she must walk apart forever.

Bernard went to Oxford and Mary became Countess Grey, and went with her first child, to succeed at all daughters, and to send it from its mother's breast to the care of a strange nurse. Another was to pretend she needed exercise and change of air, and remove her from London to the continent before she was able to bear the fatigue. He gave her no rest until she reached Rome, and here she became so seriously ill that even her servants remonstrated against the cruelty of moving her further.

In Rome she remained six months, nearly alone. The earl traveled hither and thither as his fancy led him, making his wife only occasional short visits of a cruelly ceremonial nature. His life of extravagant dissipation was a shameful contrast to the loneliness and absolute seclusion which her Italian physician ordered, while her separation from all who loved or cared for her and her longing for her native land and home told fearfully upon her failing health.

But one day a far more cruel sorrow faced her. A letter without signature was placed in her hands, and only accusing her husband of the most flagrant disregard for her, but also intimating that her physician was in the employ of her enemies, and not a safe person to be intrusted with her life.

She had long felt sure that she was dying, but the dread of dying away from her child, her father and her home overcame all other fears. This terror made her prudent. She arranged for an immediate return, and took advantage of her husband's first absence to commence it.

For him she left a most noble and pathetic letter, entreating him not to follow her, forgiving all his positive and negative crimes, and asking only to be permitted to die beside her father and their child.

Her requests so completely agreed with the earl's desires that for once he did not thwart her, and so, two years after this ill-starred marriage, Earl Grey's traveling carriage again broke the silence of the peaceful cathedral court. The dean's daughter had come back to him wearing something higher than the commonest of veils, and had received the signet of immortality, and been anointed for a heavenly coronation.

After Mary's marriage, the dean had gone to see his nephew, and easily induced him to come back with him; so it was Bernard that lifted Mary from her carriage and carried her in his strong arms to the room she never left again; and it was Bernard that rode day and night, so that he might bring a few hours earlier the child which was to comfort Mary's dying hours.

In order to excuse the step she had taken, and procure her father's promise to keep her little daughter, she had been compelled to divulge all the cruel martyrdom of her married life. After this revelation it was not hard to understand the dean's wretched look, and his passionate, pleading prayers, and the music which was an articulate agony. I could understand, too, now the angry, longing look on Bernard's face, and his miserable restlessness; but neither of the men showed, in Mary's presence, any feeling which could mar the peace of her descent into the grave.

I went often to see her the next few months. It was like lying with her at "the Gate Beautiful" of Heaven. I used to wonder at her loveliness, and rejoice in her certain hope, but I never pitied her. As I said before, I kept that feeling for the hopeless grief of the old man and the bitter sorrow of the young one.

Just before Christmas I went over to the dean's, after an absence of three days. Despair and remorse were sitting in the handsome chambers, and a slow but certain sorrow creeping up the marble stairs. The next day a narrow coffin had separated a father, daughter, mother and child, husband and wife, lover and beloved, as effectually and as wisely as all the starry

spaces. No one can step in between two loving hearts without guilt; and when love is slain for gold or rank, it has bitter avengers—Amelia E. Barr, in N. Y. Ledger.

—When a man goes wrong, "There is always a woman at the bottom of it." When a man goes right, we never hear that there is a woman at the top of it, but there is—Galveston News.

—Doctor—"Well, my friend, what seems to be the matter with you?" Grogan—"Shure, docther, there's somethin' the matter wid me jaw; I can't domesticate me food."—Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

—Her Adorer—"May I marry your daughter, sir?" Her Father—"What do you want to marry for? You don't know when you are well off." Her Adorer—"No, perhaps not; but I know when you are well off."—Drake's Magazine.

—Mrs. Fogg—"I'm sure I never saw a woman who thought so much of her husband as Mrs. Pidgeon does. She really thinks there never was such another." Fogg—"I reckon she's right. I got her new eye glasses, and she's greatly improved her sight."—Jeweler's Weekly.

—Alice (aged seven years)—"Papa, were there any live rebels after the battle of Bull Run?" Father—"Why, of course, my child. Why do you ask that?" Alice—"Uncle George told me about the battle last night, and I thought he killed them all."—Harper's Bazar.

—I am glad to see you on your feet again, Mr. Barrows," said Miss Parslaw, graciously. "You looked very bad last time I saw you." "You must be mistaken, Miss Parslaw," said Barrows; I have never been ill. Where did you see me last?" "You were in the park—a-horseback."—N. Y. Sun.

—An Old Foggy Saw-Mill—"I was just stopping to see your modus operandi," explained the visitor in the saw-mill. "We ain't got any" apologized the sawyer. "I've been tryin' to git the boss to interduce some of the new-fangled inventions, but he says the old-fashioned way is good enough for him."—Detroit Free Press.

—A Matter of Economy.—Reporter (in a boat)—"How many times have you been overboard here and lost all your fences and crops and live stock?" Mississippi Flood Sufferer (on the roof)—"I tell this is errible the levee-bath time." "Then why don't you move back to the hills?" "Move! Thunder! lightning! That'd cost me mighty nigh six dollars. Got any tobacco?"—Chicago Tribune.

—Recognized the Likeness.—Mary, the nurse girl, comes in from a walk in the park, carrying the pride of the family, a young gentleman whose age amounts to some fourteen months. "Oh, ma'am, little George spoke this afternoon for the first time!" Really! What did he say?" "Why, when I was showing him the animals he made me stop before the cage of monkeys, and clapping his little hands several times, he called out: 'Oh, papa, papa!'"—N. Y. Herald.

## EXECUTING A KING.

The Death of a French Monarch by the Guillotine.

Louis Blanc, in his "History of the French Revolution," gives this graphic description of the death, January 21, 1793, on the guillotine, of King Louis XVI. At 10:10 the procession reached the foot of the scaffold. It had been erected in front of the palace of the Tuilleries in the square called after Louis XV. The condemned was three minutes descending from the carriage. Upon quitting the temple he had refused the redingote which Clerly had offered him, and now appeared in a brown coat, white waistcoat, gray breeches and white stockings. His hair was not discolored, nor was any change perceptible in his countenance. The Abbe Firmont was dressed in black. A large open space had been kept around the scaffold, with cannon on every side, while beyond the cannon the eye could reach stood an unarmed multitude, gazing. Descending from his carriage, Louis fixed his eyes upon the soldiers, who surrounded him, and, with a menacing voice, cried: "Gillotine!" The drums ceased to beat, but at a signal from their officer the drummers again went on. "What treason is this?" he shouted. "I am lost! I am lost!" For it was evident that up to this moment he had been clinging to hope. The executioners now approached to take off a part of his clothes; he repulsed them fiercely, and himself removed the collar from his neck. But all the blood in his frame seemed turned into fire when they sought to tie his hands. "Fie my hands!" he shrieked, and fought with his executioners. The Abbe Edgeworth, who stood by, perplexed and horrified, spoke to the king, and the latter calmed down. "I will drain the cup to the dregs," he said. They tied his hands and cut off his hair. Leaving only a tuft of his confessor, Louis began, with a slow tread and a sunken demeanor, to mount the steps (then very steep) of the guillotine. Upon the last step, however, he seemed suddenly to waver and walked rapidly toward the other side of the scaffold, where he exclaimed: "I die innocent of the crimes imputed to me." His face was now very red, and, according to the narrative of his confessor, his voice was so loud that it could be heard as far as the Pont Tournaise. Some other expressions were heard, but at a signal the rolling of the drums was renewed and his voice was drowned. "Silence! Be silent!" he cried, looking all self-control and stamping violently. Richard, one of the executioners, seized a pistol and took aim at the king. It was necessary to drag him along by force. With difficulty fastened to the fatal plank, he continued to utter terrible cries, only interrupted by the fall of the knife.—Chicago News.

—Time gallops under the spur of the moment.

Mr. John Carpenter, of Goodland, Ind., says: "I tried Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy for diarrhoea and severe cramps and pains in the stomach and bowels with the best results. In the worst case I never had to give more than the third dose to effect a cure. In most cases one dose will do. Besides its other good qualities it is pleasant to take." 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by LEAVELL & WOOD.

## THE TIME IS NEAR

When the "Little Ones" toes will be turned school-ward, and we would remind their fathers and mothers that these toes must have a covering, and that we have these coverings for sale. We kindly ask a trial of our celebrated

## "KICK-ME-HARD"

School Shoes, and we think we will save you nearly half your school shoe bill during the year.

The prices are the same as we usually asked for common trash.

5 to 7	1-2 Heel or Spring heel Button	.75
8 to 10	1-2 " " " "	\$1.00
11 to 2	" " " "	1.25

**J. H. Anderson & Co.**

## At Cost, Oxfords—At Cost, Slippers.

To close them out I offer my

## Entire Stock

OF

## OXFORDS AND SLIPPERS

AT PRIME COST FOR THIRTY DAYS.

I Must Have Room for My

## FALL STOCK.

THOMAS RODMAN.

103 MAIN STREET.

**\$1.99. \$1.99. \$1.99.**

For 3 Days Only,

August 13th, 14th and 15th,

**Wednesday, Thursday and Friday.**

Choice of any hat in the house except Stetson's for \$1.99.

John B. Stetson's for 3 days \$3.69.

Don't miss the greatest hat sale ever offered at

**Sam Frankel's**

15 Main and 8th Sts., opposite the Jewelry

**Bryan & Tandy.**

**5 and 10 ct.**

COUNTERS

TEEMING WITH

**BIG VALUES.**

School Supplies;

**Rock**

**Bottom**

**PRICES.**

Slate with pencil from 3 cents up.

Beautiful Tablets at 3c.

Pencils 5c dozen and up.

Inks, Pens, Paper and Envelopes at

**HALF PRICE.**

Seeing is Believing.

**Bryan & Tandy.**

## TWO HARVEST EXCURSIONS.

Via the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul R'y. on Tuesday August 30th, and September 27th, 1892.

Where the grain is ripe, with the golden grain; Where the sheaves are ploughed through the grain.

To its destined port on the western plain; Where home is never far sought. In vain, And hope is the thirteenth plant that grows; Where man may ever find his rights maintain. And land is as free as the wind that blows.

For further particulars apply to the nearest Ticket Agent, or address D. C. BRADY, Southern Passenger Agent, 237 Fourth Avenue, Louisville, Ky.

## Homesekers' Excursion.

Two Grand Excursions via Union Pacific on August 30th and Sept. 27th, 1892, to points in Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, Texas, Wyoming, Utah, Idaho, New Mexico and Montana. This is a great opportunity to see the magnificent tracts of land offered for sale by the Union Pacific at low prices and on ten years time. For this occasion the Union Pacific will sell tickets at the rate of one fare for the round trip. See your nearest ticket agent.

Friendship is a shield that blunts the darts of adversity.—Mme. de Saint-Surin.

## Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25c. per box. For sale by R. C. Hardwick.

## THE MOUND-BUILDERS.

Traces of Their Mining Operations Centuries Ago.

As these facts have not been reported, by others, and yet are unquestionable, I venture to emphasize them with a few words of description. Near Lexington, Ky., is a vein of lead ore which is traceable for half a mile or more through cultivated and forest land. The ore is galena in heavy spar, which has resisted the solvent carbonic acid water that has removed the limestone wall rocks and shows conspicuously at the surface. These it attracted the attention of the mound-builders, who seem to have prized the galena only for its brilliancy, as we find it in many of the mounds, but so far we lack evidence that it was smelted. To obtain it in the mine to which I have referred, they make a deep trench along the course of the vein, taking out the ore to the depth of perhaps ten or twenty feet. One hundred yards or more of this trench is now visible, running through forest which has never been disturbed by the white man. Here it is five or six feet deep, and is bordered on either side by ridges of the material thrown out. On these, trees are growing which have reached their maximum dimensions, showing that at least five hundred years have elapsed since the mine was abandoned.—Prof. J. S. Newberry, in Popular Science Monthly.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

**Royal Baking Powder**  
ABSOLUTELY PURE